The Innes of Court

ANAGRAMMATIST

OR,

The MASQVERS masqued in

ANAGRAMMES.

Expressed in Epigramique lines, upon their severall Names, set downe in the next Page.

Composed by FRANCIS LENTON Gent. one of Her Majesties POETS.

Plectra gerens Erato saltat pede, Carmine vultu.

LONDON:
Printed for *William Lasbe.* 1634.

ANAGRAMMATIS:

OR,

The Masquers names in

Sir THOMAS DAYRELL, Marshall.

Grayes Inne.	*Inner Temple.*
IOHN READE.	EDMVND CAREVV.
IAMES AISKOVGHE.	ARTHVR BAKER.
LDVVARD PAGE.	IOHN FARVVELL.
IOHN CRAVVLEY.	REGINALD FOSTER

Middle Temple.	*Lincolnes Inne.*
ROBERT OVVEN.	IOHN NORTH.
PHILIP MORGAN.	EDVVARD HERNE.
MARTYN HARVEY.	HENRY MACSEY.
ROBERT COALE.	STEPHEN IAY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Printed for William Lee. 1613.

TO THE FOVRE HONOVRABLE SOCIETIES, AND famous Nurseries of Law, the *Innes of* COVRT.

YOu Noble stockes of Gentry, Plants that higher
Grow, till you unto the Cedars height aspire:
You creame o'th kingdome, either in your wealth,
Wit, learning, valour, or iust lawes lov'd health,
Who, by your worthy breedings, births, and blood,
Are chose for Guarders of your Countries good:
And to that end are here trayn'd up by Fate,
To be the glory of great Brittaines state:
I here present you with the Masquers names
Of your foure Houses, in quick Anagrams,
Led by that then made Knight, who first } place
In these conceits, as Captaine of that grace;

Which each of you deserv'd, and in high merits,
Shew'd Englands *Gallantry, and Noble spirits.*
Accept my Muse then, which shall make you merry,
Like rich Nepenthe, Nectar, or old Sherry;
And for your grace that way, my best endeavour
By hand, head, heart, shall waite on you for ever:
Let not rash anger then, blame my intent,
To gaine your loves with mirth, I onely meant.

The true honourer of your persons,

pedigrees, and dignities,

FRA. LENTON.

To my friend, Master *Francis Lenton*, upon his ANAGRAMS.

HE that upon ſo many ſeverall Names,
Dares undertake to write true Anagrammes,
Had need well know how dangerous a path
His Muſe doth tread; the narrow ſcope ſhee hath,
Confines his Fancy to ſo ſtrait a liſt,
As not to be condemn'd, if ſhe hath miſt
In ſome, his higher ayme; yet if in one
Or two, or more, his happy Fate hath ſhowne
A Poets Art; the world may well excuſe
Other defects, if not applaud his Muſe:
For, knowing men will all conclude in this,
Where one proves fortunate, a hundred miſſe:
And if it chance ſome doe the reſt excell,
(Of which detractors cannot ſpeake, but well)
He ſtands indebted to that name affords
An Anagramme ſignificant; thoſe words
That doe ſufficiently themſelves expreſſe,
Acquit his paines, and make his labour leſſe:
Others that more obſcure Enigma's were,
His lines licke into forme (like a Shee Beare)

Who newly hath product a shapelesse whelpe,
Makes it a perfect creature by her helpe:
Reade then, and laugh, and censure, if you be
Impartiall Iudges, and from Envy free,
But Monsieur Critique, I'de have you suspend
Your mewes; and not cry downe, what you'l ne're mend.

Thine ever,

IOHN COYSH.

In commendation of the Authors late ELEGIE, and preſent ANAGRAMS.

WHo vayl'd in blackes, Melpomene's *ſad face,*
Trips now with Erato *in a maſquing pace:*
You that would reade a lamentable ſtraine,
His dying Swan, *behold with* Royall Chaine:
Gentiles, if Here you laugh, it is enough,
His Muſe (he ſweares) diſpatcht it with a puffe.

I. M.

In commendation of the Auditors Lace

LEGHE, and prelate ANAGRAMS.

WHo wayle in black, Mistermens face,
Tipstaues with staues in euery place:
Lou'rs that would vrende a Lawe vnto Prance,
Hie dying Swaine, behold with Rapid Chance:
Gamblers, if Here you laugh, it is enough,
Has Malice (be)wares, dispraise it with a Puff.

L. M.

Anagramme upon the Martiall Leader of the glorious Innes of Court Gallants, the noble minded Knight, Sir

THOMAS DAYRELL.

Anagr.

LED AL TO HIE MARS.

GRear *Iove* and *Iuno*, once desiring sport,
To shew the glory of the Innes of Court,
Cõmanded them a most renowned taske,
Onely present them with some pleasant Maske;
The Nurseries of Law, and best bred blood,
Fulfill'd their pleasures, with one passing good;
Whose rare performance, & whose every name,
In forraine parts set forth their peereleſſe fame:
The brave Conductor of this Courtly traine,
This worthy Knight was chosen, & did gaine
Immortall Honour by his gracefull paine.

For,

O. B. 45.

azia.

For, as he led them all to *Mars* his Court,
To beauteous Amazons of every sort,
Who like to Basiliskes, kill with their eyes,
(If *Cupids* shafts doe once our soules surprise)
So gratious Iove, viewing his Martial spright,
Crown'd his deserts with Title of a Knight.
And now that Worthy, who to *Mars* led all,
Sir *Thomas Dayrell*, we delight to call:
No Captaine in these latter times was seene,
Trayning so rich a troupe to King and Queene:
Miles, both Knight and souldier signifies,
From which may He to higher honour rise.

Grayes Inne.

Two Anagrammes upon the name of that proper and well proportioned piece of Nature, the courteous accomplisht,

IOHN READE, Esq.

Anagr.

I DARE HONY,
AND HER ON.

A Mother Lady (in familiar phrase)
Ravisht with his rare presence, & his praise,
Doth (not unaptly) by her language sweet,
With lippes of honey, this young Gallant greet,
Thou deareſt life, o'th hive, thou sweeteſt hony,
(Which cõmon markets yeeld not for our mony)
VVhose looks are pure, & whose melting taste,
Deserves to be in Ladies Closets plac't,
Though furrow'd years upon my forehead's set,
And little unto Nature am indebt,
Though we are almost at our journeys end,
Think not we dote, when we your form cõmend
Nor judge amisse, when our weake pulses beat,
VVhilst we are living, we retaine some heate,

Then though your activeneſſe refuſe our taske,
By dancing Revels at this glorious Masque;
Yet here's a Daughter yong, pray ayd her on;
For ſhe may prove to be your Paragon;
No doubt but ſhe will pleaſe you every way,
In the majeſtique Dance, the Song, the Play,
On Lute, Theorbo, Voyall, Orphorion,
Or any other muſicke you ſhall try on;
Aſſiſt her gently then, and (with a grace)
After the action, aid her to her place:
So ſhall the ſweetneſſe of your nature done,
Merit her love, by ayding of her on:
And if there ever was it'h Hive ſuch hony,
Give me this Gallant, for hee's for my mony.

Anagramme upon the name of that well compact proportion, most active body, and free minded Gentleman, Master

IAMES AISKOVGHE.

Anagr.

SO GAVE HIM A KIS.

COmming amidst th'heroick courtly Dames
Of Brittaines orbe, whose faire & beauteous
fames,
Outstrip the universe, and by election
Strike deep'st into each nations strong affection:
I saw this sparke, a sparke which kindled fire
On every side, & made flames mount the higher.
The lovely Nymphs which did on *Iuno* wait,
With his quick active strength, were taken strait,
And save their modesties durst not advance
Their meanings; yet each mind with him did
dance:
As well they might, and blame them not, for he
Rose with such spirit and dexterity,
Such nimble courage, and such active spright,
Vp to each amorous Ladies Navels height,

That they were charm'd, and in Loves silency,
Whisperd each other, Lord what a back hath he?
And like retreat of a victorious Drumme,
Or like the Vniversities grave Humme,
Or like the clapping of the hands that day,
In the applause of a well taking Play,
So Majesties, Nobilities, and all,
(For cutting high) gave him the golden Ball:
And as his glory herein did abound,
(VVhilst eccho still redoubled the sound)
So each chaste Nymph (in her white souls desire)
Gave him a kisse, and all did him admire.

Anagramme upon the name of the courteous Gentleman, Master

EDVVARD PAGE.

Anagr.

DRAVV DEEP AGE.

HOwever youth may vault upō this ſtage,
Yet know, all pleaſures muſt reſign to age,
And age to duſt, when our ſmall houre glaſſe
Is runne, and not a ſand there left to paſſe:
The long'ſt liv'd vegitive muſt loſe it's ſap,
And fall by winds, or by ſome thunder clap,
The ſturdy Stag (after a hundred yeares)
Dying, bedewes his cheeks with his own teares,
Old *Neſtor*, and more grave *Methuſelah*,
Have ſpun their threads, and gone the common way
Of all fraile fleſh, then thinke not to withſtand
Deaths cruell dart, and moſt impartiall hand;
Though once a King cal'd age but paine and ſorrow,
Sicke here to day, & ſodaine gone to morrow:
Yet the ſame King did length of dayes uphold,
Fore Royall honour, or rich Ophir gold:

Then

Then may your bleſſed yeeres be multiplied,
And of-ſpring like ſweet Plants on every ſide,
Long may you draw freſh ayr before you ſleep,
Or be as one gone downe into the deepe,
And whereſoe're I leade my pilgrimage,
My dirge ſhall be, that you may draw deep Age.

Inner

Two Anagrams upon the name of that hopefull Barriſter, and proficient in the Law for his time, the courteous, and well ſpoken,

IOHN CRAVVLEY, Eſq.

Anagr.

1 I VALV HER COYN.

OR,

2 I VALV HER CONY.

LAwyers (although they uſe not to purloyne
Like Vſurers) yet by inſtinct, love coyn,
And though diſtracted Clients doe him curſe,
If the cauſe croſſe them, he's nere the worſe,
Valuing his or hers, if his due fee:
Or elſe his tongue will very ſilent be,
But if faire vertue in her ſoule doth ſhine,
(Which makes a mortall creature halfe divine)
If coyn hee values more then that, his Name
Himſelfe and Anagram, ſhall beare the blame,
Nor dare I thinke it, cauſe I know his merit
In that great Maſque ſpoke his more noble ſpirit.
No, no, brave Maſquers, all marke your lov'd Brother,
Values a little of the one, and other.

I heard ſome Lawyers, tho their fees be cómon,
Will take but ſmall fees of a handſome woman:
But tell you truely, he may value either,
So that his valuation wrongeth neither,
VVhich his mature iudgement can decide,
And ſafe twixt Scylla and Caribdis ride.
Thus you may value both, but (rul'd by me)
Nor Coyn nor Cony ſhould have maſterie.

On the ſame.

IOHN CRAVVLEY.

Anagr.

CON HIE LAVVYER.

EXalt thy honour, Con, apply thy way
In Law, that thou in Iuſtice ſeate may ſway
The righteous Cauſe, and make the quarrell even,
By which faire vertue, you aſpire to heaven.
Goe on then worthy Barriſter, and be
Thy Fathers equall in ſincerity:
Nor may the fallacies of time, nor age,
Ecclipſe thy glory on this terrene Stage.
Con then, and higher riſe in the Lawes lore,
Comfort the rich, timely relieve the poore;
Then ſhall your vertuous parts, & honour live,
Till I can lave the Ocean with a ſieve.

On the Same.

JOHN CRAYLEX.

CONFESSOR.

EXalt thy honours, Confessor, up to Heav'n
In Law, thy Actions durst securely lay
The righteous Cause, as thunder the Quarrel
even.
By which fame vaults you alpire to heaven.
Goe on then worthy Barrifter, and be
Thy Fathers equall in sincerity:
Nor may the fallacies of time, nor age,
Eclipse thy glory on this tenous Stage.
Goe then, and higher rise in the Lawes love,
Comfort the rich, timely relieve the poore;
Then shall your vertuous pars, & honour live,
Till I can lave the Ocean with a Teare.

A converted Anagramme upon the name of that milde and ſweet natur'd active Gentleman, Maſter

EDMVNDE CAREVV.

Anagr.

1 VVE CVRE DEMAND.
OR,
2 VVE DEMAND CVRE.

MIſtake me not, *We* here doth ſignifie,
A ſpeaker for this whole ſocietie,
The vigorous Masquers all, whoſe every name,
Triumphant rides upon the wings of fame.
If any Lady then of *Iunoes* traine,
Of chaſte *Dianaes* (poore *Acteons* bane)
Of *Veſta's* white-ſould Virgin ſiſterhood,
Or any other Nymphs of Springs, or wood,
VVhoſe ſacred knots, chaſt thoughts, unſpotted mindes,
Each one of us unto allegiance bindes,
Shall ought defending vertue, us command,
Loe here we all with valour armed ſtand,

In their defence, and (like a rocke moſt ſure)
VVhatſoe're they demand, we vow to cure,
If the expence of either life, or blood,
Can make an honour'd vertuous conflict good,
This onely wee (in loyall ſervice) crave
(Which a good minde would grant unto it's
ſlave)
If any of us be love ſtrooke in heart,
By *Cupids* ſecret arrowes, conquering dart,
Which wounds us deep, & inwardly doth bleed;
That then, oh then, even at the point of need,
As you are lovely, modeſt, chaſt, and pure,
So let the Balſome of your loves us cure,
When we demand or beg in vertuous way,
To claſpe you in loves ſacred armes for aye:
Thus if your Noble ſoules keep touch, even then
You ſhall be honour'd both by gods and men,
Then both our ſexes ſhall be known the truer,
VVe fought your battailes, you our wounds did
cure.

Two Anagrammes upon the name of the much loved Gentleman, Maſter

ARTHVR BAYKER.

Anagr.

REBVKE HER ART.

IF any Lady (he're ſo highly borne,)
Good natures ornaments doth ſeem to ſcorn,
And in her pride by chance forgets her duty,
By adding to her better formed beauty;
Thinking thereby to mend the Makers fault,
VVho firſt that tenement did make of nought;
Forbear her not, though ſhe thy ſoule doth keep,
Nor let her in that ſinne ſecurely ſleepe,
But tell her plainely what that *Ieſabell*
Got, when ſhe (painted) from her window fell;
And ſay no more, if then ſhee'l not relent,
Tho *Grace* her name was, ſhe will nere repent;
But in her vaine perſiſt, till Deaths cold dart
Hath made both duſt of her, and her fraile art:
For where good cõſcience is not womans guide
No marvaile if that ſex doe backward ſlide,
Then fear not noble Sir to ſpeake your minde,
Not in an angry, but a modeſt kinde:

For

For yet (I vow) I never ſaw bad face,
But look't the worſe by that vermilion grace;
And good, the world may eaſily eſpie,
Is quite deformed by ſuch fond treachery;
Then well bred ſpirit be ſhee nere ſo tart,
Although ſhe hates you for't, rebuke her art,
For doth ſhe mend her face, ſhee'l marre the reſt,
If art can finde out a more abler gueſt.

On the same Name,

ARTHVR BAKER.

Anagr.

HVRT A BARKER.

IF't be your happineſſe a Nymph to ſhrive,
Your Anagramme is here imperative,
Or to your ſelfe, or others, when they boaſt
Of dainty cates, and afterwards cry roaſt.
A gueſt invited to a curious feaſt,
Partakes ſome choycer diſh amongſt the reſt,
But therewith not content his bulke to fill,
(His minde not fed) puts forth a queſtion ſtill,
VVhen, where, and how that rarer piece came here,
VVhich makes them wiſh him choak'd with his good cheere.
Then Noble Sir, how ere you chance to ſpeed,
Let not the open ſtreets proclaime your deed:
The Dogge that barkes before he bites I ween,
Forewarnes us of the miſchiefe might have beene:

But he that robs, and after tels the ſhame
With his rude tongue, truſſe him up for the ſame;
Therfore I wiſh all valiant ſprites to hate
And hurt him who fares well, yet needs muſt
prate.

Ana-

An Anagram upon the name of that apt and forward Gentleman, Maſter

IOHN FARVVELL.

Anagr.

VVE FALL ON HIR.

VVEE whoſe warm bloud & youthful fire
Kindles quick flaſhes of deſire,
VVhen we beheld thoſe amorous faces,
Deckt with good nature, and the Graces,
Cannot refraine, but being charm'd
By the blinde naked childe unarm'd,
VVe marching to the Martiall field,
Meet with a dart which makes us yeeld,
But not retire, for when that blow
Hath wounded us, we forward goe,
And neither fire, nor water flee,
So our adored Saint we ſee,
But (toucht) our ardent ſoules doe preſſe,
Till we loves object doe poſſeſſe,
To which if we attaine, our pleaſure
Valu'd with all the worlds rich treaſure,
Doth farre o'repriſe it in the height
Of loves tranſcendent true delight.

Then if my Mistrisse chance to slide,
And (willing) trips downe on her side,
I know not how to doe her honour,
But imitate, and fall upon her:
For ever 'twas a womans will,
To have us doe as they doe still:
If thus we opportunely watch,
Young or old, Dotrils we may catch.

An Anagram upon that cautelous and courteous Gentleman, Master

REGINALDE FOSTER.

Anagr.

TRI'D NO FALS GEERE.

THough haſtie youth by nature's apt to trie,
Ought that delights the fancie, or the eye,
And ſtill the minde of man is apt to range,
To ſeverall objects, and affecteth change;
Yet view a Mirrour here, whoſe ſetled minde
In his minority is not inclinde
To ſuch unſtaidneſſe, but doth quench that fire,
Which youths looſe bloud doth prompt to lewd
deſire,
And by imployments of a vertuous way,
The heat of ſuch rude flames he doth allay,
And if there be (as noys'd abroad) I heare,
Ladies or Laſſes that doe weare falſe geere,
It may be ſo, but thoſe hee'le not abide.
No counterfeit by this yong blade is tri'd,
He is too cautelous, ere to be caught,
VVith an unnaturall, or thing of naught;
But ſolely ſets down wiſedome for his guide,
VVhich quickly doth the good frō bad decide.

Scarce any of his fellow Masquers here,
Will sweare they neuer tride such fictive ware,
Vnlesse faire *Hymen* then afford it you,
Tis vertue if you try, nor false nor true.

Middle

Middle Temple.

An Anagramme upon the Name of that valiant and martiall minded Gentleman, Master

ROBART OVVEN.

Anagr.

BORNE TO VVAR.

YOur Anagram brave Sir, revives the ſtar,
Shinde at your birth, from *Mars* the god of war;
VVhich gives you of a ſtout, and valiant ſpirit,
To equall *Tudor*, or *Glendores* high merit,
Whoſe Chriſtian was your ſurname, and whoſe fame
Lives in your true and antient Brittiſh name,
Aſpire then by your Armes, worth to obtaine,
And let not *Venus* pull *Mars* backe againe
Into her luſtfull lap? the Planet ſo
May alter, and enthrall you to the Bow
Of her blinde Boy, where his fell totring harms
Are farre more cruell then the god of Armes:
But if you muſt retreat, leaving that field,
And (conquerd) unto Ladies lawes muſt yeeld,

Iumpe on a Nymph of ſpotleſſe *Veſtas* quire,
Whoſe thoughts are pure, till *Hymen* gives deſire,
(Or one of chaſt *Diana's* daughters, who,
Though they may think, no luſtful actiõ know,
But take heed of a new made face or skin,
That's not ſo faire without, as foule within,
So ſhall you ſhow your valiant temper, and
By your coole life, the chafteſt Dame command:
Thus if to *Mars* his brawles you are not borne,
Fight with a wife, but with a wagtaile ſcorne.

An Anagram upon the name of the courteous and affable Gentleman, Master

PHILIP MORGAN.

Anagr.

GO LIP HIR MAN.

IF ſober kiſſes ſilent Prologues be,
The further to endeare ſocietie,
The faire ſalutes of this our formall Nation,
Which firſt from holy Writ began that faſhion:
If thoſe be ſignes and pledges of our love,
VVhich inwardly a ſtrong affection move,
If by the taſt of thoſe ſweet cherry hils,
And interchanged breath, our love diſtils
Into each others inward ſecret parts,
And often times ſurpriſeth both our hearts:
If thoſe bleſt meetings kindle ſuch a flame,
As coldeſt winds can never quench the ſame.
Goe lip or kiſſe her Sir, for now I ſpie
A ſpark new flown from her quicke lovely eye,
Into your amorous boſome, which will heare
The chilleſt frozen heart, and make it ſweate
Till it's aſſured, that ſhe is it's friend,
VVho did that bolt of *Cupid* to him ſend;

And so she is no doubt, else your exile
Had beene decreed by frownes, but not a smile:
Goe freely then, and kisse her once againe,
For she is wounded too, and lives in paine,
Till legally that pretious Iewel's lost,
VVhich her fond Parents have so often croſt,
VVeare that thy kisse hath won, kinde natur'd
man,
And thanke not fortune, but Cœlestiall *Pan*.

An Anagramme upon the name of the hopefull and prosperous sayling Gentleman, Master

MARTIN HARVEY.

Anagr.

ARIVE AT HER MYNE.

EAch Microcosme is like a ship at Sea,
Tossed with storms & tempests every way,
Now with a gentle gale and prosperous saile,
Then blustring Eolus his mirth doth quaile,
I'th morning of his yeares with pleasant wing
He cuts the Ocean, whilst the Mermaid sing
On glistring sands, as if the sea Nymphs layes,
Did eccho to the Rockes his early praise,
In his meridian flags doe flourish still,
Seeming to offer windes unto his will.
And on he flies with his well ballast Barke,
Chirping sweet Musicke like the lofty Larke,
Till wasting downewards, after his full height
VVearied with pleasure, on the earth doth light;
Thus hoary age accurs, as mortals strive
At some safe harbour, timely to arrive,

VVhilst one is shipwrackt, and another croſt,
This gaines the gold, and that the venture loſt,
Then worthy Sir, if you intend to wive,
Strike ſailes, and into her rich treaſure dive;
And doubt not (favour'd youth) but all is thine,
If happy paſſe arives you, at her Mine:
She values man more than her droſſy treaſure,
Sight ſhe loves well, but touch is her true plea-
ſure.

An Anagram upon the name of the heroick and high ſpirited Gentleman, Maſter

ROBERT COALE.

Anagr.

BEART COOLER.

THough heate of ſpirit, vigour of the ſoule,
Loves maſterhood, and hates the worlds controule,
Making a piſh at that which contradicts,
And violently ſpurnes, if ought afflicts,
Which birth and wealth aſſiſts, and by this way,
Makes our rude paſſions, reaſon overſway;
Yet certainly it hurts, and ſuch hot moodes,
Dry up the moiſture of our vitall bloods,
Nor doth it well become a gentile minde,
By pedigree, to be ſo ill inclinde;
They ſhould be courteous, affable and milde,
Which ſteales affection, ſeeming to beguile
The totall world of its true love, and praiſe,
Which crowns ſuch vertu's with eternal Bayes,
Yet where the iuſtice of the cauſe clayms merit,
Be Tigers fierce, or of a Lyons ſpirit;
But upon every trifle that doth thwart,
Draw not each veyne o'th net unto your heart,

O beare it cooler; let wiſe Patience
Tell you, raſh acts produce but penitence,
And he moſt valiant, is accounted ſtill,
Who conquers his affections, and his will;
Should you by chance to choller then be given,
Bear't cooler, & you'le ſooner climb to heaven.

Lin-

Lincolns Inne.

An Anagramme upon the name of the Honourable and Noble minded Gentleman,

IOHN NORTHE.

Sonne to the Lord North.

Anagr.

THORNE HONY.

HEre's ſweet & ſharp, here's hony on a thorn,
Coucht in the name of him that's Nobly borne:
His nature unto hony may allude,
Sweet, milde, and healing, hating ought that's rude.
Thorne may imply his better natures wrong,
Hurts where it heald, if with ill language ſtung;
And both united, may be thus applide,
No vertue ſhines, but vice, that light would hide;
But i'le explaine it a more merry way,
A Nymph amongſt the woods walking to play,

Seeing

Seeing hony-combe on thorne, desir'd to licke,
Save that her nature fear'd the pricke,
Yet thinking that she never pluckt a Rose,
But her faire hand to hurt she did expose;
She ventur'd on, and as the Combe distils,
(Holding the thorne) her thawing mouth shee fils,
And herewith not content, she loves it so,
Shee vowes to fill her belly ere shee'l goe:
Saying, O Lord, in truth should I be sworne,
Ne're did I taste such hony on a thorne:
This is the fable, you the Morall are,
And the sweet hony that she found so rare,
Then if your Mistrisse in blinde love can see,
She may take hony from your thorny tree,
By whose most sweet concoction, amorous tast,
She may grow fat, and burnish in the wast.

An

An Anagram upon the name of that attractive Gentleman, Master

EDVVARD HERNE.

Anagr.

DRAVV HER NED.

IN drawing out your reall Anagramme,
You may conceive that I abridge your name,
In the word *Ned*; yet once the Poet ſpare,
If with your name hee's too familiar;
For in his ſervice, and obſequious ends,
You'l find his masking muſt make you amends:
That word Equivocall, which bids you draw
Her, is not meant by rigour of the Law,
Nor to compell her love by force of Armes,
(For *Mars* his ſhield fell down at *Venus* charms.)
And ſome (though few) if you go wayes uncivill
To vertue, you as ſoone may draw the divell,
But if you meane to win, and make her ſure
By your faire carriage, draw, attract, allure
Her loving ſoule, then ſhe halfe way will meet,
And in Loves Cœlique orbe your perſon greet:
Nor thinke that if you proſecute, ſhee'l flye,
Or if retire, ſhee'l be the contrary,

Like to the ſhadowes proverbe; but I weene
That Adage fayles, when *Phœbus* is not ſeene,
But where an able body ſhe doth finde,
Linckt with eſſentiall graces of the minde,
A comely preſence, and an active limbe,
Which ſeemes by lofty Capers, ayre to climbe:
Her amorous ſoule cãnot thoſe parts withſtand,
But (ſtruck by *Cupid*) is at your commaund:
All which you do poſſeſſe, thus draw her *Ned*,
And you may dance away her maydenhead.

An Anagramme upon the name of the generous spirited Gentleman, Master

HENRYE MAXEY. MACSEY.

Anagr.

I CAME NYE HERS.

EAch lusty Masquer hath the liberty
Of dancing, and may boldly then come nye,
Or her, or hers; if in a fitting place
Her gentle nature doth permit that grace:
So I of that society being one,
Sought to come nye her best affection,
Which she accepted, and (without deferrs)
Came just as nye to mine, as I to hers:
And had our tender soules thought it no sin.
As we came nie so one on's had gone in.

An Anagramme upon the name of th courteous Gentleman, Maſter

STEPHEN IAY.

Anagr.

AHIE STEP IN.

IT is the nature of the ſoule t'aſpire,
And upwards flie, like ſparks or flames of fire,
As not contented with this lower frame,
But ſeeking ſtill the place from whence it came,
VVhich may the reaſon be as I ſuppoſe,
VVhy higher ſpirits doe not here repoſe,
And ſet their reſt up with a competence,
But ſtrive for honour and magnificence.
Thus by or wealth, or friends they favour win
And to the height doe climbe, a hie ſtep in;
So this brave ſpirit by his reſolv'd endeavour
Which in a vertuous path did ſtill perſever,
By perſon, parts, and graces of the minde,
The Fates to him a higher place aſſign'd,
Frō Innes of Court (great'ſt Gentrys education)
Vnto the Royall Court in neare relation;
And that I muſt account a ſtep in h
Which doth approach ſuch tw

holy step indeed, where I desire
his faire desarts may flourish, and grow higher,
And that each Noble sparke of this brave traine,
May serve those Dieties without disdaine.
Set on as this your Brother doth begin,
From Innes of Court, to Court; a hie step in.

FINIS.